DO YOUR SUNDAY MARKETING EARLY, MRS. WILSON ADVISES

And Gives a Market List for Three Excellent Meals—Recipes Include Brisket of Beef, a Pudding and a Cake Made With Apples

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Wht, 1990, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. NOVEMBER chill winds give a keen zest to the appetite and the folks usually feel that a hearty midday menion on Sunday is necessary. The housewife, in planning a menu for Sunday, should remember that by marketing on Friday afternoon or early Saturday morning she will have a good choice of foods.

A brisket of beef, Cornish style, will

surely please the family and afford them a really satisfying meal. Now, in order to market intelligently it is necessary to first arrange and plan a menu, and this should be done before going to market. Keep the family likes and dis-SUNDAY

Baked Apples
Cereal and Cream
Baked Salt Mackerel Creamed Potatoes
Coffee BREAKFAST DINNER

Radishes Gelery Brisket of Beef, Cornish Style Brown Potatoes Lettuce Cornstarch Pudding, Chocolate Sauce Coffee

SUPPER Cold Cuts of Meat Potato Salad Colesian Apple Cake The market basket will require: One-half peck of apples, One head of lettuce, One bunch of radishes. One large stalk of celery. One small head of cabbage Two small mackerel. One-half peck of potatoes, One-quarter peck of spinach Three eggs.

Three and one-half pounds of rolled brisket, Three carrots. Four turnips, One bunch of beets. One quart of onions. can of tomatoes.

And the usual weekly stapies. To prepare the brisket Cornish-style -wipe the ment with a damp cloth and then pat into the meat three-quarters of a cup of flour. Now place one-half cup of good shortening in a deep sauce pan, and when smoking hot add the meat and brown well. Now add: One can of tomatoes,

The carrots, scraped and out in half, The turnips, pared. Eight onions.

Two and one-half cups of water. One-half teaspoon of thyme. Cover closely and cook very slowly until the meat is tender. This usually requires about one-half hour to the ound. Use the simmering burner; then rendy to serve add the cooked

Prepare a pastry as for ples and then roll out one-quarer of an inch thick. Cut into four-inch squares and bake until a delicate brown. When serving piace a piece of the baked pastry on a plate and then two thin cuts from the brisket, two pieces of carrot, one turnip and two onlons and a liberal serving of the gravy. Piace on top a second piece of pastry. Garnish with finely of pastry. chopped parsely.

Cornstarch Pudding

Place in a saucepan: One-half can of ecaporated milk,

Our suburban trolley meets a ferry

The Best Dinner

costing \$1.50 for four people wins prize of \$2.50 in the PRIZE MENU CONTEST

Two other prizes of \$1 each are awarded for the next best menus, Address all menus to Mrs. Wilson's

Menn Contest

Evening Public Ledger Independence Square Your full name must be given and correct address on the menu. Also the date of sending it. The foods used must be staples and in season. and a sales slip giving the cost of all materials must be included.

Fried meats are not accepted.

One-half can of water, Nine tablespoons of cornetarch

Stir with a wire spoon to dissolve the cornstarch thoroughly and then place on the stove and bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes. Now cream:

Two eggs, Three-quarters cup of sugar

and add to the cornstarch. Beat in thoroughly and cook for two minutes. Cool and then add one teaspoon of vanilla flavor. Existe the custard cups with cold water. Drain well. Fill with custard and chill. To serve, turn from the cups and cover with chocolate sauce. Chocolate Sauce

Place in a saucepan: Three-quarters cap of sirup Three-quarters cup of strup.
Three-quarters cup of vater.
One-half cup of cocca,
Six level tablespoons of cornstarch.
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon. Stir to dissolve the starch and then bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes and then cool and add:

One teaspoon of vanilla, One-half teaspoon of cinnamor

Potato Salad

Put through the food chopper the green leaves and tips of celery and four onions. Place in a bowl and add: Six cold boiled potatoes, sliced thin One cup of mayonnaise dressing,

One-quarter cup of finely Toss to mix and then serve

Apple Cake Place in a mixing bowl: One-half cup of sugar. One egg. Five tablespoons of shortening. Two cups of flour, Four level teaspoons of

powder, One-half level teaspoon of salt, Seven-eighths cup of water. Beat to mix thoroughly and then turn into a well-greased and floured baking pan and spread the dough about three-quarters inch thick. Cover with thinly sliced apples and then sprinkle over the apples crumbs made as follows:

One-half cup flour, Fire tablespoons of sugar, Two tablespoons of shortening. One teaspoon of cinnamon. Work to a fine crumb and then spread over the apples and bake in a slow oven.

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule By Lillian Paschal Day

Golden Traffic Rules

Public Service Company owns both They are supposed to connect. Several times daily they don't. Mad commuters wait twelve minutes. Counted it up once—say 400 folks. Times 12—4800 minutes. What waste Often we reach the ferry on time. We run for the boat-door slams Right on our very noses. Porter grins, enjoys our rage. We mill round, mules in a corra' Every one kicks, no one does a thing. One day I spent the lost time well. Hunted up the traffic manager. He was at an open window. I swung the window back. He dodged, nearly grazed his nose "How do YOU like it?" I asked.
"That's what you do to us daily.
A crowd out there is boiling hot. YOU built the fire under them! Suppose I made YOU mad as fire! Shut the door on your nose? When your car was on time? And delayed you from the city? I shoved my figures at him. "4800 minutes lost! 80 hours. Half a week lost every day And life as short as it is You Public UN-Service

His mouth opened. I rushed on His mouth opened. I rushed on.
Knew if I stopped my nerve'd fail.
"No excuse! Your porter's a firer!
He locks those donkeys in your pen.
I heard him say today, grinning:
"Some day door'll be kicked down!"
Is that the spirit of good will?
You treat the Public like a donkey. Then you howl if the beast kicks. Heaven knows he's doctle enough. Poor, over-burdened, long-suffering. He kicks only at the nir I'm kicking at the real fence-you! I'm the only one brave enough, And I'll tell you why: That door shut in my face once. I'd been called to a dying husband Twelve precious minutes !- Forever I'd give years of life for them. Golden Rule would have saved that. Been dedicated to it ever since. Change traffic rule to Golden Rule Will you? Hurry! There's my boat! He wiped his brow and promised. "Anything you say, Madam! It shall be changed at once!" I ran for my boat. Heard him say "Who let that she-cyclone in?" It's better now, but I've no medals. The Public, unknowing, thanks not

Isn't it odd? Aimless kicks knock down no fences.

They only dislocate dispositions.

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries

WE pay your salaries and dividends. Public good will is an asset.

You want it, don't you?

What fine record is held by Mrs. John A. Rawlins, of New Orleans? what material should rusty fron skillet be cleaned?

3. Describe a convenient vacuum cleaner that does double work?
4. How can a wooden kitchen table be made easier to keep clean?
5. What style of shoes is correct for wear with an afternoon dress?
6. Describe a striking girdle for serge dress.

Yesterday's Answers

Mrs. John Ellis, who, at the age of ninety-seven, is now living in Manchester. England, is inventor of the paper pattern.

The handkerchief point drapery is particularly well adapted to the dinner dresses of embroidered net or chiffon that are made ever

satin. When grease is spilled on unfin-ished wood, cold water should be applied immediately to prevent the grease from spreading, and to harden it so that it can be scraped

Long gloves should be removed entirely, not merely turned in at the hands, at the table.

A decorative telephone shield, made perfectly plain, covered with silk, and fitted with a pad with sife, and acted with a pad and pencilholder would be a use-ful gift for a busy housewife. The high, close-fitting coat collar is popular in Parts fashions.

Making More Money

The Girl Who Cleans the Streets

The title above naturally brings to mind a vision of the women who, during the shortage of help during the war, donned the uniforms of the "white wings" and assisted in keeping dirt from cluttering the highways of the big cities. But Miss Deana Marie Anderson, or Chicago, is far from being an active street-cleaner, though she does direct the sales of machinery which performs the work of a hundred men. What's more, she gets so much pleasure out or it that she says she won't be happy unturned he had not prevery city in the country!

Thrown upon her own resources when she has the responsibility of doaning upevery city in the country!

Thrown upon her own resources when she was only seventeen, Miss Anderson worked along in a rather desultory fashion for some four years, hoping every day that "something would turn up" to bring in more money. Finally, when her brother informed her bluntly that unless she would make a really sincere effort she could never better the very small wage which she was receiving. Miss Anderson determined to start in at the bottom of the business ladder and mount it rung by rung. A thorough course in stenography laid the foundation for her success, for it was through taking dictation and paying attention to the phrases used in letters that she received her first schooling in salesmanship.

Feeling that the knowledge of this The Girl Who Cleans the Streets

success, for it was through taking dictation and paying attention to the phrases used in letters that she received her first schooling in salesmanship.

Foeling that the knowledge of this important branch of the business was worth more than she was getting as a stenographer. Miss Anderson then applied for and secured a position as a sales "ran" for a trachinory hours and made good from the start. Today, at the age of—well, not to be too precise, less than thirty—Miss Deana Marie Andreson is partner in a firm which manufactures mechanical introduceances and has the distinction of having sold more of these automatic dirt-gatherers than any other woman in the world.

Tomorrow—By Being Frank

Montreal

For the first time in the history of the constitutional convention moets at New Orleans next February, two women having been appointed as delegates.

As an act of courtesy it is proposed that Mrs. H. M. McCluer, of Kansas City, one of the Republican presidential electors from Missouri, be delegated to carry to President-elect Harding the official notification that he carried Missouri it would be the first time in the history of the United States that a woman presented to the successful candidate the notification of his election.

MAKING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



It is none too soon to think of the Christmas gitts you are planning to make, and among the attractive things seen this fall are the fancy handkerchief is twill be pretty to run a colored strand of embroidery cotton through, close to the foot of the hem, and you will find then one or two other threads at two or uneven intervals below. This work is done before the hem is basted to work of making them are of white linen, and colored threads are set in at intervals and an initial embroidered in the colored thread, making a beautiful gift. Those for women are made of all colors and shades of fine linen, and in addition to the threads set in should be a containen, and in addition to the threads set in first finger, so they will pull through the place where the threads are drawn. Then pull the linen thread carefully so as not to break it, and you will have the silk thread run through in its place. Now, making the same sort of these handkerchiefs are usually eighteen inches equare, and nowmen's any size you wish to make them, from ten to thirteen inches.

Always pull a thred to cut linen by, else it will not be straight, and in cutting, allow for the hem besides. If the move the strand that marks the width

SHOULDER LINES The Unwelcome MUST BE DROOPING

By CORINNE LOWE

Women Abroad

Schools for the training of police-women are now maintained in many of the principal cities of Great Britain.

The Caledonian Railway of Scotland has appointed policewomen for service at all of its large stations.

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1920, by Pubito Ledger Co.

Wife

After Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him socially, his mother belittled Charlotte to Tony whenever she had a chance. Charlotte was not a social success and Mrs. Harriman was disappointed because her son had not married Edith Comstock, a girl who had her entire approval. Charlotte discovered that the seas to become a mother, but she had become so intimidated and was so unhappy that she was afraid to tell Tony the truth. At a dance at the country club she displeased him because she responded to the kindness of a man he did not approve of, and hurt to the soul at the terrible things he said, she resolved to run away.

Alone in the City

Alone in the City

ONCE in her bedroom, Charlotte snapped on all the lights and began feverishly to unhook her evening dress. The hooks and eyes were many and their position was intricate, but she finally succeeded in getting out of the dress. She kicked off the satin slippers and airipped her feet of the yellow slik hose. Then she began to dress for her journey. She wore the simplest thing her ward-robe possessed, black buckled shoes, and black slik stockings, a sheer blouse and a simple blue serge suit, so exquisitely cut that it would have been a distinguishing feature anywhere. A soft little black straw hat covered with shiny lacquered leaves and a black handbag completed the costume, and although the clothes were the simplest she possessed. Charlotte, as she looked in the glass, was not satisfied. Gladly would she have worn the coarse underwear and the old dress in which she had arrived with such high hopes at the Harriman home, but all her old things had been thrown away and she had no choice.

She pulled out a bag, threw in a few secretion and then she was ready.

but all her old things had been thrown away and she had no choice.

She pulled out a bag, threw in a few necessities, and then she was ready.

Luck was with her, for she met no one in the hall nor on the stairs. Loud laughter came from somewhere in the back of the house, and she decided that the servants must be having an affair of their own. She went out the front door, and hurried down the driveway. Once at the station she bought a ticket for New York, learned that a train was due in ten minutes and waited in the durkest corner of the station platform.

In the dusty day coach she breathed a sigh of relief. So far she had not given herself time to think. Her one thought had been to get away, but now she realized that she had cut herself off from Tony forever. The fact that he had accused her of terrible things did not seem of so much importance now that she had run away from him. And she cried silently into her handkerchief all the way to the city.

iently into her handkerchief an the way to the city.

It wasn't until she reached New York that she realized how impossible it would have to get to Westonbury that night. She would have to stay at a honel, and the thought terrified her. A porter took charge of her bags and piloted her to a taxicab. Faced with the somewhere she murmured the name of somewhere she murmured the name of the only hotel she happened to remember the only hotel she happened to remember the only hotel where not much of the New York night life is visible after 10 o'clock. Charlotte had always longed to stay overnight at a big New York hotel, hut of the links or court. In this delight four forces of gray satin used in connection with plaited gray crepe de chine. The buttons are of rose and silver, and the whole dress is distinctive from a group of little afternoon dresses for au-

her windows.

She was not missed at the country club for several dances, and then as she did not reappear in the ballroom, Mrs. Harriman called Tony to her asd asked where Charlotte was.

"Out sulking somewhere, I suppose." the said half sullenly. group of little afternoon dresses for au-tumn modes.

The new Belgian Academy of Let-ters, which is being organized along the lines of the famous French Academy will be the first institution of its kind in Europe to admit women to full mem-One of the best known women writers of South America is Zolia Aurora Ca-ceras, the daughter of the president of

Send an Envelope

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Kindly publish games
for a Halloween party. MRS. S. These games are too long to be pub-lished in the column, but if you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will be glad to send you some sugges-

To Shrink Collars

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell me how
to shrink men's linen collars and silk
collars. Is it possible to shrink them as
much as a half inch? MRS. McC.

Dear Madam — Recently some one asked through the column how to remove stains from white ivery. I know of several ways that this may be done besides the one you suggested, and thinking they might be of value to some of your readers I am sending them to you.

or oil to the spots and a little fine with a soft cloth and a little fine purice stone.

Another method is to moisten the spots with oil and rub them with fine steel wool. Polish with a soft rag and alcohol, rubbing the way of the grain and lightly to make an even color.

S. J. M.

It was, indeed, kind to offer these suggestions, and I am glad to be able to pass them on.

Gift Suggestions

Gift Suggestions

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you be kind enough to answer these questions: What would you suggest as a gift for a girl of eleven? For a baby boy of two?

To whom should a business suggestion be addressed in a club? AUDREY.

The little girl would like a smail bag or purse, I am sure. There are so many pretty ones to be bought for small sums and they are delightfully appealing to little ladies of eleven or thereabouts. Handkerchiefs, a book or a box of paints, any of these would be nice, especially the paints. They are inexpensive and it would give her many a good time to use them.

A bib, with a little Mother Goose figure embroidered on it in cross-stitch would make a cunning present for the very small boy. There are all serts of fascinating things, too, in the toy departments of the stores, and it wouldn't be at all hard to find something for him there. Then, too, if you are fond of knitting and have time to make it belovely to give him a sweater.

A business suspection should be addressed to the Dradient of the club of

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32c lb. FISH-OYSTERS

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The Woman's

If the collars have not been washed they will probably shrink a little when laundered, but after this there is no way of making them smaller by shrinking.

Suggestions for Cleaning Ivory

A business suggestion should be addressed to the president of the club at the regular meeting after the reports of the officers have been given and the business of the previous meeting has been discussed.

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Chuck Roast

Beef Brisket, 10c lb. 4 lb. Real Cheese, 95c Choice of NUT MARGARINES

Please Tell Me What to Do By CYNTHIA

Say One Thing or the Other Tuocsyob—If you only have slightly more than a casual interest in this young lady, no wonder she objected to your demonstrations of affection. Either tell her you love her, if you do, or let her alone.

It Is Strange, Isn't It?

Dear Cynthia—In making an inventory of your column's correspondents for some months back, I was surprised to learn that from two-thirds to three-fourths of all the writers belong to the masculine gender. This, in view of the fact that "Please Tell Me What to Do" is printed on the woman's page, seems rather strange to me. Perhaps that off-repeated phrase, "Love is but an incident in man's life; 'tis woman's whole existence," is all wrong. Or else it may be that the ladies don't generally read newspapers (except the sporting page!) or that there are many more men than women in Philadelphia, or that the males delight in reading everything that isn't meant for them, or what not, as "Sophist" would put it. ist" would put it.
Anyhow, the situation is queer, to say
the least.

TENNESSEE.

Good Advice to C. P.

Dear Cynthia—C. P., in his trials and tribulations, has my sincerest sympathy, but the trouble seems to be that he does not know how to handle his helpmate in such circumstances he mentions. We all not know how to handle his helpmate in such circumstances he mentions. We all have not the same dispositions. Many of us are ashamed of ourselves after a violent outburst of temper blows over and resolve to never again lose control of our tongue, but we are only human, and in the marital state true love does not always run smooth, and we must not judge each other too hastily.

judge each other too hastily.

It is a sad commentary, but in the majority of cases it is the wife who has the bad spell of nerves, really plain, ordinary "fidgets" and grouchiness. And where we should expect from "lovely" woman gentle, mild, amiable words, she, in a domestic crisis, files off the handle and bawls hubby out to a fare-ye-well, and the consequence is that they are both "mad" for a time at each other.

The only way to bring a woman who has the misfortune to be afficted with a had temper back to amiability is to treat everything she says as a joke, not in an insulting, sneering manner, but with a everything she says as a joke, not in an insulting, snearing manner, but with a half smile and merry eyes. In other words, the husband should not lose his temper just because his wife does, or vice versa. When the "oranky" one sees the ridiculousness of his or her tantrums, common sense returns and all is serene again.

Another method is to quietly slide out of the scene of hostilities until the storm Dman's

Exchange

Exchange

The scene of hostilities until the storm blows over.

How can a woman stay out of humor with a man who simply refuses to take domestic "scraps" seriously, and who, when she shows her worst side, "kids" her back to earth when she "flies up in the air?"

Give and take is the whole secret of married life.

Moreover, in C. P.'s case the wife surely thinks more of her husband than a broken dish, a soiled rug or a few cigar ashes. She will admit it herself when she is in good himor. Why not always?

"Sophist" Explains

"Sophist" Explains

Dear Cynthia—One of your correspondents, bearing the somewhat soporiferous nom de crayon of Y Boy, evidently requires the elucidation of several points on my stand on "les belies filles."

Signor Y Boy opens his note by introducing a wise wheese to the effect that Class C minds are not so very poor. M'sieu Y does not realize that in the inner circles Class C is considered very much bush league.

He then proceeds to gum up his signals in a fashion beautiful to behold and asks what difference it makes four pretty girls be not educated at Bryn Mawr; he suggests that possibly they never had the chance to horn into the oned business. He misses the point, of my remarks by a city block.

The development of a beauteous in no

The development of a beauteous mind does not necessarily hinge upon mountailed of the academic knowledge

of your readers I am sending them to you.

The first way of removing the spots is to moisten them with water and then to rub each one with No. 1 or 0 sand-paper.

The second way is to apply turpentine or oil to the spots and then rub them with a soft cloth and a little fine jumice stone.

Another method is to moisten the whose schooling was obtained in a

why I reiterate my former assertion that handsome young women are not handsome, simply because they are handsome. In other words, physical beauty unaccompanied by amiable qualities is a shallow fraud.

Y Bov adds that numerous men have been inspired by nothing more than a pretty face. This I deny vehemently. Beauty which only pleases the sight is but the spell of a moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul, and the soul, mind, heart—call it what you will—is what receives inspirations. Summing up: Truth exists for the wise, beauty for the foolish.

SOPHIST.

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SHE HAD THE SAME SMILE FOR EVERYBODY SHE MET

And a Sweet, Cordial One It Was-But Then He Came Along and the Smile Developed a Meaning It Had Never Had Before

T'S very interesting to watch. They've been going in on the train together now for several months, almost every morning.

Before that he was never seen. No-body knew there was such a person. body knew there was such a person.

But she was always there, trig and pretty in her sport suit, her becoming little hat and her tasteful scarf.

"Hello!" she would gasp, as she joined a group of girls at the station. "Oh, I didn't think I'd make it. Our clocks are all wrong."

They were always glad to see her; she is one of those girls whose generous mouths are always ready to smile,

she is one of those girls whose gener-ous mouths are always ready to smile, with the same size smile for everybody.

At least she used to be.

She would be talking to the girls about the movie she saw last night; the dance she went to last week, the dress she would have next week or something she would have next week or something equally fascinating, and a boy would stroll by, lifting his hat in greeting.

"Oh, hello," she would say, with that same wide, cordial smile. And the boy would be refreshed for the rest of the morning. CHE seemed to know millions of boys.

As soon as she sat down in the train she would glance across the aisle and speak to some boy, another would come through the train, to be rewarded with that pleasing smile, which was the same old smile, but seemed to be made escapically for him. pecially for him.

It wasn't a flirtatious smile—unless the flirted with the girls, too.

But then one morning he appeared

But then one morning he appeared with her at the station.

And the smile was different.

It flashed, it made her eyes dance. and her cheeks flush; and it made him leaves; but she only cares for one.

want to throw his hat in the air.

But he didn't; he just threw back his head and smiled, too,

It's different now at the station.

They arrive together most of the

BUT once in a while she gets there first.

She talks to the other girls, just as she used to, and her eyes are kept carefully within the cirls.

Why should she turn around and gaze about the platform? What would she look for?

And when he arrives, stands a minute in doubt, then unable to endure it another minute, goes up and spreade a general "Good morning" over the group, she is so surprised.

group, she is so surprised.

"Why, good morning!" she exclaims
in startled tones.

But her eyes don't look startled; they

But her eyes don't look startled; they look perfectly happy.
Sometimes he gets there first—and he doesn't pretend.

He has his paper in his hand, but he doesn't even know what the biggest headlines are about.

He turns this way and that, staring at each girl who comes up on the platform, consulting his watch anxiously (what if she should miss it!), strolling up and down—and finally she arrives, breathless with hurry.

BREATHLESS with something else, too, when she smiles that new smile at him with her lips and her eyes!

And it's a pleasure to hear the hearty, relieved laugh with which he greets her commonplace remark, "Oh, I thought I'd miss it!" Yes, she seems to know millions of

WHAT'S WHAT



There are times and places when and where the general introduction is found to be less awkward than circling around the room and presenting the newcomer to each guest in turn. Also it precludes the constant interruption of conversation, and avoids the possible presentation of the greater to the less, the older

to the younger. What the hostess (or host) should do What the hostess (or host) should do is to greet the incoming guest cordially, and merely name him to the guests it the hearest group, at the same time pronouncing distinctly the name of each one in the group. The new guest repeats every name after the hostess and hows slightly to the indicated guest as he does so. The how is returned If he thereuponenters into chat with the group, one of these, in turn, may help the hostess by presenting him to the next group, and so on, the hostess remaining near the door to receive later arrivals.

HUMAN CURIOS

The Man Who Sensed the Unseen The term "Bletonism," meaning the aculty of perceiving and indicating subloveliness of an unsophisticated maiden whose schooling was obtained in a nickel and dime store, dishing out hairping and what-nots to bargain hunters. Kindliness, modesty, simplicity, virtuous thoughts; these, not calculus, make for a perfect mind—and perfect beauty—that true inward beauty which never a fades. Those damsels with the fatainglift of comeliness feel that they need not exert themselves to acquire the foregoing charms because they find that they can get along without them, which is why I relierate my former assertion that why I relierate my former assertion that springs and reservoirs had existed. A erranean springs and rivers, is derived rom the name of an Englishman, Bleton springs and reservoirs had existed, neighboring abbey was supposed to hav turned their waters for its benefit int

and the lawsuit was terminated upon his evidence.

"M. Bleton's course of procedure was simplicity itself. He would merely walk along the surface of the ground, entirely silent and apparently listening for sounds from the earth. At times he would sniff the air as if to catch the smell of nearby water. Then at a spot no different from any nearby he would hait and point to the earth, and never in the scores of cases in which I have seen him operate was he proved to be wrong. He did not attempt to explain his power, but stated that it was a strong feeling or intuition which told him whenever he was standing over a hidden spring or stream."

Monday-The Boyal Murderess



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